Think how our nervous, hurried way of living affects DIGESTION!

Smoking Camels assists digestion to proceed normally and promotes well-being and good feeling.

We live in high gear! All too often the rush and tension play havoc with nerves and the digestive system. How can one offset the effects of modern living—that's the problem! Here is an interesting, established fact: Smoking Camels has been found a definite benefit in promoting natural digestive action.

Camels are supremely mild—never get on the nerves.

Enjoy Camels as much as you like...for their good cheer and "lift"...for their rare and delicate flavor! Smoke Camel's costlier tobaccos for digestion's sake—they set you right!

FEEDS THOUSANDS. Miss Lenore Flinn, dietitian, says: "I smoke Camels. Smoking Camels during meals and after aids digestion."

"I EAT IN 30 minutes—and a riveter can't be walking around with indigestion," says Harry Fisher. "Smoking Camels helps my digestion."

THE TERRACED MARINE DINING ROOM of the Edgewater Beach Hotel on Chicago's famous "Gold Coast." Those who dine on tempting foods...at leisure...with music...and gay companionship...also appreciate Camels for their aid to digestion. Camels make food taste better—help you to enjoy it more. "Good times and good tobacco go together," says Fred, maître d'hôtel of the Marine Dining Room, favorite rendezvous of Chicago's exclusive set. "Here, where fine foods are prepared and served for those who like the best—in many of our guests smoke Camels. They are immensely popular."

COSTLIER TOBACCOS!

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

For Digestion's Sake... smoke Camels
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Mr. and Mrs. Wong had a baby which turned out white. They couldn't understand it, but little Audrey (what again?), laughed and laffed because she knew two Wongs couldn't make a white.

-- College Humor
SAVE TIME AND MONEY
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We've come to the conclusion that the co-ed's greatest concern is centered not about what she stands for but what she "falls for."

--The Villanovan
TRY OUR SODAS ICE CREAM MILK SHAKES & SUNDAES
FOR QUALITY & QUANTITY

THEN YOU CAN'T FORGET US
OUR "GC-C" BOYS WILL GIVE YOU PROMPT AND COURTEOUS SERVICE

GARDEN CITY CREAMERY
76 E. SANTA CLARA ST.
SAN JOSE

"Good Lord! How long have you been standing there?"

... FAMOUS LAST WORDS: So I took my etchings up to her place.

..., ...

"Something wrong here, men. There were only four of us yesterday."

AMERICAN

OUR SHOWS ARE ALWAYS ENORMOUSLY ENJOYABLE WHETHER IT'S HOT OR WEATHER IT'S COOL AND THE PRICE IS ALWAYS RIGHT

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We don't do it—can't do it in fact. We are tuned up to something better.

But we DO do COMMERCIAL PRINTING THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

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SPORT ENSEMBLES
Are Leading The
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Glen Plaid, Neck Cheeks, Bold
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"He was collecting fares—says he’s a guest
conductor."

College Lite
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12:00 NOON - CONCESSIONS OPEN
12:30-1:30 -- NOON DANCE
1:30-4:00 - CONTEST JUDGEING
4:15 -- FOOTBALL GAME
5:30 -- FREE FEED IN QUAD.
7:00-9:30 -- SPARTAN REVELRIES
9:30 -- 12:00 -- DANCE (MEN'S GYM)

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FRIDAY EVENING -- MAY 22, 1936

HARLEM RHYTHM FEATURING RHYTHM TRIO, GIRLS' TRIO, LEONA FORREST AND ENSEMBLE

CARMEN DRAGON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

"STOP THIEF" by JIM BAILEY

"SUMMER STARS" by THE MUSKETEERS

CHALK TALK by MICHAEL ANGELO

I'M LIVING JUST FOR YOU FEATURING FRANCES WOTEN AND RAY SHERWIN, SHIRLEY MONTGOMERY AND BILL GORDON AND THE ENSEMBLE

BLACKOUT
JOE SALAMEDA AND HIS STOOGES

I'VE SAID GOODBYE TO DREAMS -- GIRLS TRIO --

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CARMEN DRAGON AND HIS ORCHESTRA

RUB AND DUB
PAUL BECKER AND TOM GIFFORD

LADY WITH A PAST FEATURING LORAINE CALLANDER AND BILL GORDON

THERE IS NO WORD FOR LOVE
JOE RAPOSE

GRACIE ALLEN SKETCH
ONA HARDIE AND HAROLD RANDLE

A LADY OF SPAIN -- EVELYN PIERI

-- TANGO --

SHIRLEY MONTGOMERY AND BILL GORDON

A CYCLE OF TUNES WRITTEN BY EMILE BOURET: BY MYSELF FROM 1934
REVELRIES BY GENEVIÈVE HOGALUN: CROSS YOUR FINGERS FROM 1935
REVELRIES BY LEE BARNES: WITH SOMEONE LIKE YOU FROM 1936
REVELRIES -- BY GENEVIÈVE HOGALUN

EDUCATE YOUR FEET
BY MARCELLA BRACCHI

MADEMOISELLE ZEEZEE AND HER FAN WALTZ -- RANDY FITTS

FINALE FEATURING GAIL HARBAUGH AND THE ENTIRE CAST
Spartanettes swing it.

Marcella Strays

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Gordon Montgomery - romantic gliders

Evelyn rhumba it...

Revelries

Director Filybells - Leona showem...

Lorraine Sentimental Songster
The
TYPICAL SORORITY GIRL
FACE VALUE NO. 2

YOU WILL KNOW HER
ANYPLACE BY THE RIBBON IN HER HAIR. SHE HAUNTS
TWO PLACES COMMONLY TERMED THE LIBRARY AND
THE QUAD. SHE SEEMS TO HAVE AN ATTRACTION
FOR FOOTBALL PLAYERS. SHE SPEAKS TO ANYONE
THOUGH. SHE’S GOOD FOR TWO THINGS: DANCING
AND TYING BOW TIES.
Dear Toota:

Well, here I am well on in my first quarter of college and getting around in spite of the fact that I became a confirmed cynic about the merits of higher education my first week here and they go and announce NO RUSHING season, and we coming all the way from Turlock.

As you know, mother came along to get me settled and landed me in the C. W. Center which was unbearable until by some stroke of fate I got Dutty, who had likewise been abandoned, for a roommate and we get along swell. So, now we are both enthralled here after ten thirty week nights and one week ends, with plenty of time to compare notes. You'd love Dutty. She went to Cal for a semester and was rushed practically everything and, then, just when every house was clamoring for her, she up and gets a wire from her dad, saying who the hell does she think she is in so many words, and that she can't join anything. She sent him five telegrams straight and no sale and here she had been stringing all the gals along and couldn't bear to face them, so she packed her duds and dashed. She sure must have a mean dad because anyone can see his daughter's future is in Jeopardy, but he didn't care a bit. After fairly rotting at home with a bunch of twits she finally gets to come here and live on an allowance.

Anyway, she says getting rushed in a business not a side car, and if you know how to go about it you can handle it. The way she found out was sort of by accident. You see, her dad runs a gas station in Los Banos and her uncle's wife's brother is an ex-senator and he has a daughter who he took them both to Washington last December, and boy did she get around, you know, her being his guest and plenty cute and everything. Well, the first thing you know, she goes to one of those affairs and some guy takes her picture and says it's for the paper and who is she and why, and boy does she give him a line and mentions that she is going to college next quarter. And then one day she finds herself all over a swell society layout, and you know how the sorority gals sort of make a ritual of clipping all such things before rushing season, so when she get to college she was set.

So, Dutty said that all we had to do was get before the public in an unobtrusive and authentic manner that would convince those babes what a break for them we were here. Of course, this was all before we knew the facts of life and that there wasn't going to be any rushing.

I wrote mother and told her I simply had to have one swell spread down here or I couldn't look anybody in the face because they thought I was a nobody, sort of to arouse her family pride. It must of worked, because she went down to Turlock to see where Dutty's society editor, whose father has always buy our eggs from, and gave her a swell line, none swell, anyway, she, the editor sent down a picture to this town's biggest shoe with a note that it was a hot news story and what a break for this town. At least, that is the way it must have been because, in a few days, here I see myself in the paper with that nonchalant sophisticated look that used to floor them at Cal, and it says that I am planning to receive an A.B. here and then take an M.A. at Stanford. For a minute I thought that last was too much, cause, you know yourself that any girl who thinks she is that smart can't be much fun, but I guess it is the next day one of the gals that has a rep for never speaking to anybody unless she sees their bank book first up and starts gabbing to me in the library like they do if you click.

But don't think my only reason for joining is to show them I can do it, because they surely do have a lot of fun. They give skating parties for charity and then just cove expenses but sure have a great time doing it. And then, you know how I always have been sort of an atheist and free thinker and that sort of thing, well, when you belong no matter what you do everybody has to think it is cute. You can yell at the top of your lungs and act like a fish factory flimsey and its ok. There is really no difference in them from the rest because they certainly have goons among them, but you can always tell by their manner, sort of a 'holier than thou' that is darling.

Dutty's ideas are swell, and she said we would have to wear a different dress every day for at least a week and a half and always associate with the upper status quo. Oh, I almost forgot, it sure helps a lot if you can stand some grizzly athlete with a big reputation long enough to convince them that you have him hypnotized, but that is comparatively easy because they are the brute the more susceptible. Or if you can't bear it and have any other opening with any guy with a reputation, act.

Well, imagine how we felt when we found out there wasn't going to be a rushing. Honestly, we would have gone right home if we had dared. We are kind of glad we stayed now, though, because our campaign was pretty good and rushing or no we

continued on page 25
The Council Meeting.

At the head of the table sits proxy Moore, wielding the
shoe wiper...fly of the elusive species...on Bill's left, Kay McCarthy (the original
secretary) finds time to paint her face in
between chapters of her mag. (Supplementary
reading for a lit class)...next to Kay we
have the messers. Doerr, Staffelbach harmonize
using Sunday School songs...opposite
Moore the imitable Bishop is seen doing a bit
of day dreaming...as soon as
meeting is over, he will dash down to Roberts for
a bite to...eat...other side of table Howie
burns relaxed momentarily (mentally)
strain is terrific, the remaining no of
this dignified ensemble is none
other than that great executive
Guy, himself, who is singing
bass for Doerr + Staffelbach.
THE COLLEGE HALF-WIT TAKES A BRIDE

"Didja see that girl smile at me?" queried Pete Potts, the campus dimwit. "I'm going to ask her for a date, for sure.
"Better not," warned his companion. "She didn't really smile at you. She just sort of bared her teeth.
"Leave it to me," assured Pete, as he dashed across the campus. In a few minutes he was back.
"Can you lend me a couple of dimes?" he asked. "I have a date for tonight.
"Do you mean you really made the grade? I don't believe it. That girl wouldn't go anywhere with you."
"Well, it isn't her, exactly. She made the date for her sister."
"Be careful of what you're getting into. She's probably some old bag about fifty-nine."
"Nope, she said they were twins. Verona is her name, surely. I'm low." "So soon!" said his friend sarcastically. "Somebody must have dropped you out of the window on your head when you were small."
"Huh, that's Verona in a nutshell," said Pete with dignity. "Are you going to lend me that money?"

That evening when he called on Verona Smith, she met him at the door.
"Oh, Pete," she giggled, "sister said someone was coming to see me who was just my type. You know, I've really heard an awful lot about you."
"Reputation," he said grandly. "Here's reputation. Take no stock in it. Character is the thing you should go by. Character," he added impressively, "is what we are in the dark."
"Oh, than I guess that certainly shows you up, doesn't it?"
"You misunderstand me. I'll have you know a young lady, that I started in the gutter, and..."
"Oh, I know, and here you are again, you mean."
"See here, some day I shall be a great man. Cream rises to the top, you know."
"Oh, yes, but doesn't the scum, too?"
"Come on," gritted Pete. "Let's go to the show. You don't talk in the show, do you?"
As they sat in the theater Pete slouched an arm about her shoulders. "D'you, honey?" he said, "I love you. I want you to marry me."
"Oh, Pete, you do say the funniest things."
He drew back in injured dignity. Suddenly she emitted a sound reminiscent of a cow sighing from all of her seven stomaches at once.
"Verona Smith!" he exclaimed, turning upon her severely. "Don't you know any better than to burp like that in a public place?"
"Just did it. I thought it was going to be lots louder."
Then in a hush her tone that might be kissed on the front porch. "He'll be married tomorrow, he said. "You need refurring, and I'm going to do it if it kills me."
"The awfully sweet of you, Pete," she whispered. "I hope it does."

The next day after the ceremony they rented a little apartment. "I can't cook, Pete," she confessed. "I was a little taken aback. "Well," he said at last, "you can at least wash dishes, can't you? I'll do the cooking."
"Oh, how nice! Why is it that you have such a sweet nature, darling?"
"I mean, really," he said, "a little embarrassed. "It's just my diabetes. But tell me..."
Gay play days in tricky leather sandal! Cork heel that flares. "Roos."

For fun, Kalalo play suit of pagan print, yellow birds, orange, green flowers on flesh. "Roos."

Poncho... variously cornered by robe of town. Rust & white. Ham.
Fashion's Steps

Stylish slouching in 2 piece mont suit of toweling blue & yellow it VAN RALSTEE HAMMERS

No forgotten man in a Glenurquhart plaid jacket...
Box pleated back HARTS

Demurely attractive Breton of white pique trim of navy o white gro-grained ribbon HARTS
"Don't go in yet, Mary Ellen. Stay and talk just a little while longer."
"But Ted, you know Mother told me to be in before twelve, and it's almost one now."
"Yes, I know, but let her worry."
"That's not fair, and you know it. She doesn't go to sleep until she hears me come in."
"All, who cares? What she needs is to go out on a couple of good parties and lose a few more boys, so there'll make a woman out of her."
"Ted Barkley! Don't you talk that way about my Mother. She's doing what she thinks is right."
"But, darling, she's all wrong. She's trying to bring you up on her ideas, or even earlier than that. Here's the whole thing. Your Mother didn't have much fun when she was a girl, so she's taking her meanness out on you."
"Forget it, Ted honey. It was as much my fault as yours. And, after all, what's a little scrap when it's so much fun making up again. But, darling, I wish you wouldn't talk about Mother like that."
"Okay m' honey, I won't anymore. But I do think she's an old crab. She's got it in for me for some reason or other. If you were going with someone else she wouldn't insist on this get in before dark stuff."
"If you don't stop that right now, I'll..."
"Oh, all right! Now, tell me you love me again, and then I'll clear out and let your Mother get some sleep."
"Of course I love you, idiot, and you only."
"Sure, Mary Ellen? How about Don Williams?"
"Darling, darling! Can't you get it through your head that he's merely a good friend. He doesn't mean a thing to me—except that I think he's a grand fellow. But I'm not in love with him."

"Good night hon," he managed and hit the steps at full speed.
"Grand fellow! That's choice! Don't forget to have him for one of the bridesmaids at our wedding.

"As you say, Ted. Now I must go to bed."

"If you must, then you must. Can I come over tomorrow night for a little while?"

"Better not count on it. I'll be in the dog house about getting in on time tonight. I'll see you tomorrow at school."

"Ooh, honey, why don't you enter a crusade and have fun. Fun. Freedom is marvelous. And they talk about democratic America."

At this point Ted and his musings were interrupted...interrupted in a manner not at all gentle.

"Mary Ellen--see! Will you get in this house this very minute! Parked right out in front of the house! What will the neighbors think? All foolishness, that's what it is."

"Yes, Father! I'm coming right in. Good night, Ted, and I don't think you'd better come over tomorrow. I'm going to catch it as it is."

"Good night."

"I haven't time to argue now. Are you going to kiss me or not?"

"Yes, Mother. Shall I go in and kiss you Mother too? Say, how a swell fellow like your Dad ever happen to get mixed up."

Mary Ellen pivoted on her heel and started through the doorway. Ted seized her by the arm and queried wistfully, "Don't you forget something?"

"No," she answered, but she seemed to change her mind. In a brief silence it took him by surprise. Ted was certain his heart missed three whole beats as her lips met his. The second manifestation of true love had already gained headway when the pet, pet of bare feet was plainly approaching the scene of reconciliation. Now, Ted was indeed fond of Mary Ellen, but his fear of Mrs. Carman's unfaltering tongue was greater, especially when the deliverer of those verbal lashings was garbed in a flowing white night gown, topped off by a very lacy night cap, from the crown of which hung a long braid.

"O'night, hon," he managed and hit the steps at full speed. At the end of the walk he heard various and sundry threats concerning his future and happiness, and his courage reached a new low.

"Mary Ellen Carman. Don't you know enough to come in when it's time? If this sort of thing doesn't stop, I'm going to speak to your Father, and if he won't whip me--I mean stop--I will. I won't have you going out with that...."

Ted didn't wait to hear more. He slammed the car door in his haste to relieve those pent-up emotions, and departed with a roar of the exhaust. After three blocks he slowed down, and began to consider the situation. A real problem confronted him--a serious problem. Undoubtedly the most serious he had encountered in his entire 18 years.

He loved Mary Ellen. That was settled, anyway. And she loved him. She said she did, at least. But how about Dan Williams? No, she didn't go out with him. She hadn't gone six months age, had she? He'd have to take her word for it.

They were in love, and they'd be engaged if he had enough money to buy a ring...if her Father would let her wear it. Which reminded him that the silver box was almost tiara-shaped. The bracelet he had given her for her birthday. Be a good idea to look at diamonds again too, while he was down at the jeweler's tomorrow. Let's see! Want's there a set of a greenish shade of dark ring and...yellow? Two sets a week. A genuine diamond for $375.05, and twelve months to pay. Might be worth looking into.

"Now the offer is, you see, they couldn't get married...if they couldn't even go out together. Suppose they did get married. Honey, I think it would probably be so mean she'd want to go on their wedding trip. So a gift as sweet as Mary Ellen could have a Mother like that was beyond him. Now Mr. Carman...there was a regular fellow for you.

Says, there's an idea. Why not go to the old man, and tell him the whole story. Tell him they were in love, and were planning to get married as soon as he got out of school and got a job. He was just back from the Home. He had been in love with anything with old fashioned ideas like that. He'd married her though, hadn't he? Gosh, suppose Mary Ellen grew up with a disposition like her Father's.

By this time Ted had reached his own driveway. His mind was made up. The following night he would confront Mr. Carman and demand justice. As he mounted the stairs to his room his Father's voice came through the dark.

"Is that you, Ted?"

"Yes, Sir. Aren't you asleep yet?"

"No, son. Just been waiting for you to get in. It's rather late for going to a show, isn't it?"

"No, Sir. It's not very late. Now, will you please go to sleep, and quit worrying."

"Did you and Mary Ellen enjoy yourselves?"

"Yes, Sir, we had a good time. Goodnight."

The next day dragged by, as it seemed to Ted. Tonight was the crisis. He had to impress Mr. Carman with the seriousness of the case...after time he formed his speech, but each time he was dissatisfied. It would be better to wait until he got there. He'd always received good grades in public speaking anyway.

That night at dinner he voiced his intentions of calling on Mary Ellen again to his parents.

"But, Ted, you're leaving there just last night. The Carman's will be getting tired of having you around all the time."

Ted was unprepared for the naked truth, and for a moment he could think of no plausible answer.

"But, Son, this is important. Honest, it is. You don't mind if I use the car for an hour or so, do you, Dad?"

"I guess not, son. But don't be as late as you were last night."

"Thanks, Dad. I'll be home by ten o'clock."

"Do you really think it's necessary for him to go over there again tonight?" continued Mrs. Carman to her husband.

"As you see, Son, you're goin' steady you've got to see your gal almost every night. If you don't somebody else will cut your throat."

Mr. and Mrs. Carman exchanged smiles, and Ted left before the argument could renew itself. Snapping his cigarette away with a devil-may-care attitude, you see, the car's door was slammed behind him, and the doorbell with much gusto. To make it more effective, he pushed the button again, and grinned himself inwardly for his boldness.

"Good evening, Ted. Want you to come in?"

"Thanks, Mr. Carman. I came over to--"

"Take off your coat and stay awhile. You're just the man I've been wanting to see."

"Oh, uh, sure! You wanted to see me?"

"Sit down, son. I want to talk to you in a man to man fashion. Mary Ellen will be back in a few minutes."

"Mary Ellen? Isn't she...?"

"No. She went down the street to see Dan Williams just before you arrived. Sometime about a history test, I think. Said she'd be right back.

At the announcement of this betrayal of faith, Ted test all of his right. Mr. Carman had jumped the gun on him before he could start his attack, and Mary Ellen was chiseling on him. That history business was a gag.

The head of the Carman house continued, unaware that victory was his without a battle.

"Ted! My wife and I have been talking this thing over, and we have decided that you are old enough to know what is right and what is wrong."

"Yes, sir."

Continued on page 22.
COULD YA STOP AND PICK UP A FRIEND?

"SO YA WON'T TALK, EH!"

THE PROFESSOR'S SON
The wish for anonymity, it is said, springs from the souls of cowards. Although I have always prided myself on being frank and above-board with everyone, still I can't bear to think of my friends being afraid to speak to me or confide in me, and everyone else pointing at me with suspicion, saying "There's the person who spied!"

Well, to start out under the cloak of hidden identity, I'm assuming the "return to the Quad," starring that ladies' man, Mel Isenberg. At last something happened between him and the tennis-playing E.C.L.A. major, Claire Wehrstedt. It seems that he has been dealt with in a manner to which he is unaccustomed.

In the meantime, Mel seems to be finding solace in the company of Elaine Feece and Brette, a jaynee lassie. The other three day infatuation incited by the birds and the bees and the flowers, between Elaine Becker and Clair Ellis, is running smoothly, according to Ellis. Miss Becker has not been reached for a statement as yet.

Clair's former vest-pocket model, Helen George, seems not the least bit worried over the sudden turn of events. Better watch your step, Ellis...two can play at these little happy fun games that mean so little, but hurt so much.

But all love is not blossoming. Although your informant was unable to get all the salient details, it seems that the romance featuring Eleanor Langenacker and her Phi Beta is withering rapidly.

Marcelle McCrady flew to Stockton a few days ago to see the object of last summer's affection, the bass fiddle swinger. 'T certainly looks like true love. George Cannell is evidently losing his grip, while waiting to catch Marcelle on the rebound. At present he is trying to angle an introduction to Betty Bradley, Washington State transfer, who has been "keeping company" with Bob "Tiger-Eye" Dusty for some time now.

One of Ducoty's best friends and ex-basketball star, Bart Condon, has been rushing Joyce Griswold of late. We'll admit that he has only taken her out three times, but after all, he comes clear from Santa Cruz to do so.

While on the subject of athletes, we might as well toss a few kind words of advice to "Bench-warmer" Stone. We suggest that, whereas he derives his greatest pleasure in playing Cupid in others' love affairs, he might profit by devoting into several volumes on the "Gentle Art of Subtle Approach", or vice-versa.

One romance in which Stone played a part is that of Jane Wakefield, ex-girl friend of aribe Dick Edmonds, and Cary Moore. Prexy's little brother and Jane are just getting under way.

In order to inject a little blood into our discourse, we should mention that Bob "Turkey Legs" Harris is breaking his legs for a canary. Sometimes we think these boxers are a bit punchy. Another of this sect is Ben Helsor, the fighting aesthete, who is seen these early mornings taking his workout in a faded green sweater.

Three well known rah rah boys, not well versed in the art of trading punches, but more in trading wisecracks, are Lefty Eyres, Al Azvede (he of the famous words: "All we need now is some backing."), and their silent stone, Axel Jackson. Never did we think that these three would stoop so low in their nightly childish pleasures at "Dick and Mary's" to make noises like a motor boat training for New Year's day on Lake Merritt.

For channe:

Which brings us (not really for the sake of continuity) to the troubles of Rinaldo Wron, caused primarily by the lack of discipline in the school where he does his student teaching; maybe it isn't lack of discipline, Rinaldo...it might be those five or six cups of coffee you drink every day.

Coffee drinking forms a habit, we are told, but we know another habit that has nothing to do with a beverage. For two days in succession (or does that constitute a habit?), Mary Shanks has been sitting in front of a house on 6th Street with a young man who inhabits said house. We don't know whether or not she has done it more than twice, because, after all, we can't walk down 6th Street every afternoon without disclosing our identity.

So we shall end with a quotation from Gail Keays's diary: "Watch the door boys, I'm going to swing it."

---

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"Yale Varsity, oh? I stroked Cornell in '29, myself."

"What's to prevent us from having a hot time tonight?"
"Oh, my goodness!"

Shopper: "What can I get for my wife? She has everything."
Clerk: "Name and address, please?"

"I'll bet she tied up traffic plenty in her day."
El Toro

Ol' Judge Robbins

I picked up that antique pipe in Italy for you, it's the first pipe made of steel I ever saw.

Many thanks, Ralph, I have a few more metal pipes in my collection.

This metal pipe comes from Burma. The Asians use so much metal work, it's not surprising to find pipes made of various ores.

Adds an odd pipe to his collection.

Take this Chinese water-pipe, for example—a lovely thing of silver inlaid with enamel.

... And here's a rather tricky Japanese pipe, also of silver, but trimmed with ivory and jade.

I'll bet that copper pipe from Sumatra would give a mighty hot smoke.

Opinions differ about pipes, but it's smokin' Prince Albert regularly that makes a pipe one of life's great joys and comforts.

The Best "Break" a Pipe Can Get

Pipe smokers who make pips out of their pipes agree that Prince Albert in the tobacco for breakin' 'em in—and for forever after, too. P.A. is tobacco at its friendliest—smokes nicely in the bowl—smokes sweet and cool and satisfying. P.A. is "crimp cut" for slow burning—does not bite the tongue. The big red tin holds 50 pipefuls. You needn't ask a cent trying this princely smoke. Just take advantage of our on-risk offer. And P.A. is swell "makin's" for roll-your-own cigarettes.

Our Offer to Pipe Smokers

"You must be pleased!"

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Prince Albert

The National Joy Smoke!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert.
"The Showdown
continued from page 17

"Of course, we realise that you think a great deal of Mary Ellen, and I'm sure she is very fond of you."
"Yes, sir."
"But you are both very young and going to school. I realize how youngsters enjoy getting out and having a good time, but sometimes they forget about their parents."
"You know, Ted, we parents worry about you when you're not home early, with so many automobile accidents occurring every night. I'll wager your mother worries about you every time you take the car out."
"Yes, sir."
"Ted was quite ready to leave by this time.
"So I want you to cooperate with me and try and get Mary Ellen home a little earlier from now on. I don't want you to feel as if I am reprimanding you. I hope to have you come here, Ted, but there will be plenty of time for late hours in a few years. After you're married, perhaps."
"Yes, sir," replied Ted automatically. "Yes, sir." he repeated, as the significance of the last sentence penetrated his dependency. He wanted to say more, but the change from depression to elation was too much. Words failed him.
"Let's shake on it, Ted."
"You bet, Mr. Carmen. I'd never looked at it that way. If you don't mind I think I'll go now. I can see Mary Ellen tomorrow."
"As you think best, Ted. Why don't you come over tomorrow night for dinner...say about 6:30."
"Thanks again, Mr. Carmen. I will. Good night."
"I'll be looking for you then. Good night, Ted."

Ted's joy knew no bounds as he descended the steps. Now all he had to do was tell Don Williams what wasn't expected of him. That would be a pleasure indeed...to be able to inform the Honorable Mr. Williams that old man Carmen had agreed to their marriage. That would put him in his place. Why, in four years he'd be out of college and...

Tomorrow during lunch hour he'd go down and look at those engagement rings again.

--She--"What kind of oil do you use in your car?"
He--"Oh, I usually begin by telling them how lonesome I am."
--Brown Jay

--"Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"
--"That was my brother—he just walks that way."
--Yellow Jacket

"My sister knows more than yarn."
"Impossible, my sister's a maid in a Frat House." --College Life

Al--She was as pure and white as snow.
Hai--Yes, but she drifted.

There are a lot of definitions for the modern girl but "The Grizzly" adds this one. The modern girl is one who can meet the wolf at the door and come out with a fur coat.

"So you want to kiss me? I didn't know you were that kind!"
"Baby, I'm even kinder than that!" --College Life

Father: "I had a note from your teacher today."
Son: "Okay, dad, I won't tell mother."
Sorority Susan
continued from page 11

get around. They get their boyfriend's friends to date us in the same car, and so far we have seen about every dive around.

So now, Dotty says, all we have to do is lay low and not get too well acquainted with any of them, because you know how you will tell people what you think of them when you know them real well. All we have to do is remain retiring and illusive and not let our glamour wear off until next quarter and we will have them at our feet.

So, you see, college is a serious problem and Dotty and I have our heads about us.

Lovingly,

Susan


Intercollegiate Sports
(As they might be if the most popular college activities, judging from College Humor, were made competitive.)

--Chaparral

1. Stanford's first-string Necking Squad yesterday tied an all-star aggregation from California in a hard-fought contest marked by much rough playing. A Stanford man was disqualified for biting in the clinches.

2. College of Pacific's previously invincible poker Varsity met serious defeat at the hands of the San Jose State ante-raisers, when the Pacific captain bet the season's winnings on four queens against a pat straight flush.

3. The University of Santa Clara's powerful Arm-Wavers last night scored a brilliant victory over the St. Mary's squad after an exciting three-hour struggle. This practically clinches the western title for the Santa Clare guipers, who have so far drun all opposition under the table.


Zip! Zip!

IF YOU ARE INTERESTED IN SOMETHING A LITTLE BIT MORE DISTINCTIVE THAN THE USUAL COLLEGE BINDER, COME IN AND LET US SHOW YOU OUR...........!

ZIPPER COVERS

PRICES RANGE FROM $2.00 TO $2.50...THESE BINDERS MAKE EXCELLENT GRADUATION GIFTS FOR THOSE PLANNING TO ATTEND A UNIVERSITY...NAME IN GOLD AT NO EXTRA CHARGE.......!

The COOPERATIVE STORE

"Officer, come quickly, I've just knocked down a student!"

"Sorry, lady, but today's Sunday and you can't collect your bounty until tomorrow morning."

—Lehigh Burr.
TRY
Our delicious fresh Strawberry Sundaes
Milkshakes
Pony Malts
at
Popular Prices.

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SAN JOSE CALIFORNIA

"He says that was just to attract your attention—he wants to talk to you.

SO YOU'RE WORKING YOUR WAY THROUGH SCHOOL
"You Aint Confessing, You're Bragging!"
SUPERLATIVELY
FINE MILK
SHAKES
ONLY 10¢
"ALWAYS MORE
FOR YOUR MONEY"

AT THE
SAN JOSE
CREAMERY
149 SOUTH FIRST ST.
BALLARD 660

"Anybody I know, Sniffy?"

CALLING CAR NO. 5
A HORSE WAS
SEEN GOING EAST
ON MAIN STREET
FOLLOW HIM
AT ONCE!
SMACK

SMOOSH

WHAM

SMASH!
—and Chesterfields are usually there
they're mild and yet They Satisfy